TANGLED WIVES

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SYNOPSIS

A girl finds herself in a taxicab in New York with a strange man who speaks of "an awful shock." He leaves her for a moment, and she drives on, for she fears him. She stops at the Biltmore, wondering who she is. Her memory is gone. She has a wedding ring. At the hotel a young woman vanishes with the girl's \$900. An elderly woman, Mrs. Oscar Du Val, cordially greets the nameless girl, addressing her as "Dotte" wife of Mrs. dressing her as "Doris," wife of Mrs. Du Val's son, Rocky. Rocky is abroad, and Doris is taken to the home of Mrs. Du Val and her sculptor husband, Oscar. Doris falls in love with Rocky's photograph, but cannot remember hav-ing married him. Visiting a store, a saleswoman insists she hide from op-servation. Rocky returns. He demands to know who she is and why his wife sent her to his home. She cannot tell him. They agree, for the sake of his parents, to pretend they are husband and wife. Rocky takes Doris to his York apartment to confront his He finds the flat empty. Doris wife. He finds the flat empty. Doris sees the real wife's photograph and recognizes her as the girl who stole her \$900. Doris finally tells Rocky she has lost her memory. In a newspaper they see a headline, "Killer Bride's Gun Found; Diane Merrell's Father Identifies It." Doris faints. When she recovers, her memory has not returned. Rocky informs her he is solve to take Rocky informs her he is going to take her to Canada by motor. They set out.

CHAPTER VII-Continued

-13-As Doris stared she remembered her promise to Rocky that she would keep her face turned away from any people they met. She bent her head, and turned over and over a black leather purse belonging to the real

The car was coming nearer. In a moment it would be past. But as it approached it slackened. It came

almost to a stop. Someone shouted: "Doris!" Startled she looked up. A dark-eyed

girl in a green evening dress had "Oh-I beg your pardon!" said the

girl. "I thought you were someone I knew. A blond young man stuck his head

forward. "It's Rocky's car." "There's Rocky! Well, I thought you were in Europe, you dope!"

"He's leading a double life!" The party, in evening clothes, got down. Rocky, approaching Doris with a clam in each hand, looked at them steadily. If he was surprised and

chagrined, he did not show it. "Have a clam," he said. The girl in the green evening dress staggered up and seized one of the clams. Two unsteady young men sup-

ported each other. "Clams! Jus' what I wan'ed." "Good old Rocky's got clams!" Rocky was climbing in the car be-

side Doris. He was starting up the engine. "Hey, wait a minute. Where you

going? Say, wait a minute, Rocky." His friends were running after him. The girl in the green evening dress jumped on the running board. "What's your hurry, Rocky? We're all friends here, aren't we?" She looked at Doris.

"This is Miss Smith, my father's secretary. I'm just driving her down to my father's house."

The girl closed one of her big eyes. She exposed a dimple in her browned cheek. "Pretty name, Smith."

Rocky frowned. "Go on, beat it, will you, Molly? I've really got to go." "Rocky, the saint! Rocky-this pure

young man." Eyes looked piously heavenward. Then the dimples appeared again. "Never mind, Rocky. I like you all the better for it." She jumped down from the car.

Rocky's face was set and grim. Without a backward glance he started up the car and got away. Doris was red and angry. The car

fumed on. The red sun appeared, a wrathful eye in the east. "I'm awfully sorry about that," murmured Rocky.

Doris fixed her eyes on the flaming sky. Her good-humor had gone. She was indignant with Rocky, resentful of her false position.

"That girl, I suppose, is a friend of Doris-the real Doris. And she'll tell her you're gadding about the country with a-with a-"

"With a-is good. She'll make it good, anyway." "I think you'd better let me out

here." "What for?"

"So you can go and find Doris." "What do I want to find Doris for? I want-

"You're not acting very well about Doris." "I know it. I can't act well about women, and I'm acting awfully about

you. Better worry about that." Doris was silent. She was being a fool as usual. She knew that Rocky was acting in this extraordinary fashion for her own safety. Whatever peril threatened her, it was necessary

that she get to Canada. Why Canada? She gave it up. If she was going to trust Rocky she would have to trust him, and stop criticizing. Meantime It was fun being with Rocky. Sooner or later this companionship between them would have to end. He would go back to Doris. Doris would have him

all her life-She sat up very straight. She was being sentimental again. If Rocky was going to be so nice, she would fall in love with him all over. And he did have a wife. It was a good thing those people on the road had reminded

Once outside of New York, the car made good speed.

Rocky looked at her abruptly. "Put your glasses on again. They're good for little girls. Come on. Don't make me stop the car so that I can put them

on you." Doris complied when she realized that he meant it. It was a subject she was tired arguing about. Rocky was managing things, apparently, with a high hand. But as she looked at him now, his warm face gleaming with a pride in accomplishing something that she felt sure was in the interests of her safety, it was easy to forgive him anything.

Rocky had provided food enough to last them throughout the trip, without stopping at inns. He had explained that by picnicking this way, they would save a good deal of time.

"I'd like to see a paper," Doris announced suddenly, as if the question had not been broached before. Rocky munched a sandwich doggedly.

"I'm sorry." Rocky ate hungrily. "Well?" Her voice with its high note arrested him. She drew his blue, seriously objecting eyes to her face. His half-eaten sandwich was poised for the next bite.

"Well?" he repeated. "You know the answer to that one, don't you?" His tone was playfully hard. "The last time you happened to read a paper you didn't behave very well." He grinned faintly and took another bite, watching her.

"Oh!" Doris flung out an emancipated arm. "Won't you ever forget that? I could read anything today and not lose my health. Besides I have a feeling there is something in this morning's paper I ought to see. Tell me, please," she leaned over suddenly, "what it's all about."

"Put your glasses on." "Why?"

"The better to see me with."

She put them on, turning her head to look up and down the road. "Who are those people, do you suppose?" A small automobile had opened its doors to let out a crowd of motorists. Rocky was already looking. He had

even brought out a pair of binoculars. Leveling them long and earnestly at the group in question, he answered. "As near as I can make out it's a

Not far behind them, another crazy car was speeding. Rocky speeded around a curve, the other car gaining. Rocky's foot came down harder on the gas, but the other one was up alongside of him. It passed him noisily. hitting the front of Rocky's car a jarring whack.

Rocky yelled after him, but the remark was lost in the noise of engines. There was a limp rattle in Rocky's car now. Something besides the fender had been injured. Cursing, Rocky

"H--l," he said after a minute, "I'll have to take this thing to a garage." He peered out at the next sign. They were two miles from a town. He looked sharply at Doris. "And when we stop to have it fixed," he said bleakly, "for G-d's sake, don't speak

CHAPTER VIII

As Doris was beginning to feel sleepy, Rocky's advice seemed hardly as necessary as he thought. She dozed, vaguely conscious at in-

tervals of tools dropping and the whir of the motor. Dorls started and awoke. She half

sat up. An old man who looked as If he might have been one of the founders of the village into which they had strayed was watching her from under his pushed-back hat.

She thought he was going to say something but discovered that he was chewing. He had dark quizzical eyes that drooped faintly at the corners. He must be over eighty. He kept pinching his nose between his thumb and bent forefinger as if he were trying to improve the shape of it, but otherwise paid Doris his undivided attention.

"If you please," she began, "What town is this?"

His eyes glinted at her with such a knowing expression that Doris almost laughed outright. "Don't you know what town you're in?" he finally asked.

"No, I don't," said Doris apologetically. "We were driving through on our way to Canada, when something happened to the car."

"Driving through to Canada, you say?" He advanced slightly, putting one foot on the fender and clapping a veiny hand over the knee. "Been traveling long?"

"Oh yes, ever since this morning." Gradually she was growing less ecstatic over this quickly formed friendship. The place was getting on her nerves. Rocky had taken off his coat and



"It's Her, All Right."

healthy bootlegger who's taken his | rolled up his sleeves. It looked as if wife and family out for a picnic." He laughed, but didn't seem overwhelmingly amused. "Shall we go on?"

They got back into the car, soon

making up the time lost in lunching. Rocky's plan was to reach Vermont by nightfall, In the next town their car went cautiously through the business street.

As it passed a news stand, Doris pushed her glasses above her eyes for an instant. There was a headline-The car lurched forward.

"Don't be a fool, Doris," unreasonable words poured from Rocky: "This is no time to strain your eyes trying to read a paper. If you would only do

what I ask!" Doris, with the glasses slipped back into place, looked at Rocky. His lips were tense in a desperate sort of annoyance. She wondered what had upset him. His eyes moved with a light wariness across the road in front of

them. He was quiet for a while. Towards nightfall, they neared the Vermont border-line. A little before dark, Rocky stopped the car and they got out for a picnic supper. Doris asked him where they were going to

spend the night. "In the car," he answered grimly. "This trip doesn't end for nobody or nothin' until we get to Canada."

"You are in a hurry," she answered. "I think you could at least have asked me if I minded not going to a hotel." "I could have," he replied cheerfully, "but I had my plans all made to drive right through the night." "And what you say goes!" She

gave him an unflinching glance. "D-n right!" / He began to whistle. It was evident that he was beginning to feel pleased over the day's the job were almost too much for the mechanic alone. "Come from New York I bet," sug-

gested the old man, "didn't you?" "Yes." Doris looked at him firmly. "What town did you say this is?" "This is Edgewater Junction."

Rocky looked up now at the sound of their voices. His eye fell on Doris, a short questioning glance. Doris unburdened herself of a weary gesture. Would they never get out of this place?

"Yes, sir! This is Edgewater June tion." A new expression had come into the old man's eyes. "And a long ways from New York." His eyes gleamed steadily. "You got folks up in Canada?"

"No, or-" Doris hesitated. Perhaps Rocky had relatives there. She wasn't sure why he had selected Canada. He hadn't told her that. "That is," she continued after a minute, "I haven't."

Rocky's warning suddenly loomed. "For G-d's sake don't speak to any. body!" She had been talking steadily to the old man! But fortunately she hadn't run into any complications, at least not until now. She smiled at him as if the conversation were practically over.

The smile was received like confidential information of the utmost importance. The old man removed his foot from the fender and started off in

the direction of the door. Doris watched him through the small mirror above the front seat, glad when he actually had gone. From now on she wouldn't open her lips, not even to say good night to the mechanic. She would watch her step. She closed her eyes.

"It's her, all right," (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Call for Hats With a Feather Accent

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHAT the new little feathers are doing for the new little hats this season in the way of giving them swank and charm, is a trifling tale to be told. The milliner takes a wee bright feather not much bigger than your thumb and with wondrous cunning thrusts it through some little nook or crook in the crown of a soft rakish felt shape and voila! you have a sports hat which is positively devastating in its debonair lines. Perhaps it is a cluster of diminutive ostrich tips on a more formal velvet or satin chapeau which is just as captivating.

It's the Tyrolean influence which sprightly colorful feather accents on soft, folded and creased crowns is reflecting, and the result is as picturesquely alpine as fancy may conceive. Your town or sports hat is supposed to be just like that-of felt novelty woolen or of stitched velvet or setin. just so it's properly tailored, with a frivolous little feather posing most anywhere that looks nonchalant,

In the group illustrated, the hats inset in the panels flaunt their saucy feathers with a casualness which is exactly in step with the mood of the hour. The felt to the left savors of a man's soft fedora which is characteristic of the newer sports models. Its novel multi-colored whirligig of a feather poses at just such a rakish angle as fashion demands

The draped woolen beret to the right which dips over one eye with a peak to its crown which goes a la Chinese. as the smartest hats have a way of doing these days, flourishes a teeneyweeney quill which carries a most convincing style message.

Of course, when you dress up for

matinees and calling and more formal events, you will be wanting one of the perfectly fascinating ostrich-trimmed velvet chapeaux such as are making so glamorous a showing on autumn and millinery collections. There is that note of elegance and the prettily feminine about them which goes back to the gay 90s for inspiration.

The coloring of the three velvet nats shown at the top in the picture, is just too delectable for words. The ravishing velvet sailor depicted to the left is in that new blackberry tone which can scarcely be distinguished from black itself. It seems that in Paris several of the best designers are preferring this glorified berry tone to deadly black. The trio of lovely ostrich tips on this hat are in petunia

The coquettish little toque centered above is one of the new fatigue types which, by the way, are considered a "last word" when it comes to up-andcoming millinery. Its success de pends on tipping it at exactly the correct angle over the right eye, as you see in the picture. The model shown is developed of gray velvet ribbon with two little ostrich tips emerging from along its center seam.

Narrow velvet ribbon is stitched together row-and-row for the ostrichbedecked hat to the right. This is one of the Renaissance beret types of which we are hearing and are destined to hear so much about this season. The wee ostrich tips are in violet tones.

The light blue draped felt toque centered in the illustration is trimmed with a novelty feather which has been dyed a matching light blue. 6. 1932, Western Newspaper Union.

Change to Liquid Laxatives?

"HUNG" TO HIS LIKING

"hangs"—that is, the angle at which

the blade is set on the snath-and

this is largely a matter of personal

preference. An old story tells how

Daniel Webster, when a boy on his

father's farm, was called on to help

in the mowing. Young Daniel kept

complaining at the way his scythe

hung and he kept going to his fa-

ther and asking him to adjust it bet-

ter. Finally the father gave up in

disgust and said: "If you aren't sat-

isfied with the way I do it, hang it

yourself!" And Daniel hung it in an

To keep clean and healthy take Dr.

Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Getting Shopworn Any new theory looks good until

the paint begins to wear off .- Toledo

Why the Sudden

apple tree and went on reading.

Much depends on the way a scythe

Doctors have always recognized the value of the laxative whose dose can be measured, and whose action can

The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learned that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

The dose of a liquid laxative can be varied to suit the needs of the individual. The action can thus be regulated. It forms no habit; you need not take a "double dose" a day or two later. Nor will a mild liquid laxative irritate the kidneys.

The wrong cathartic may keep you constipated as long as you keep on using it.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a prescription, and is perfectly safe. Its laxative action is based on senna a natural laxative. The bowels will not become dependent on this form of help. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is at all druggists. Member N. R. A.

Healthy Hair will grow only on a Healthy Scalp

Keep your scalp in good condition by shampooing regularly with a thick by shampooing regularly with a thick suds of Cutteura Soap and warm water. Rinse thoroughly. If there is any dandruff or irritation, the sham-poo should be preceded by an application of Cutieura Ointment. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

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is your rest

disturbed

OLD TRUNKS HIDE "LATEST" FASHIONS

Now that the spirit of the 90s has returned in leg-o'-mutton sleeves, wideshouldered frocks and a return of some of that gay "fuss and feathers" spirit, it may be that a little rummaging among the family relics will be more than repaid.

Of course, most old clothes are discarded or given away, but the exceptions are always lovely things.

The styles of the coming winter are going to be more formal, more graceful in some ways than they have been for years. Perhaps if you rummage through some of grandmother's packed away belongings (if she'll let you), you may be rewarded by finding some exquisite pearl embroidery, a priceless egret plume, or a bit of delicate valenciennes that will give distinction to your winter wardrobe,

New Ribbed Fabrics Are Favored in Winter Mode

From present indications, ribbed fabrics will have first place next winter, and very interesting novelties in corduroy and ottoman are anticipated. There is a new wide-waled corded ottoman in rayon, which might be called corduroy ottoman, and which is recommended for suits, coats and dresses, and exists in several weights.

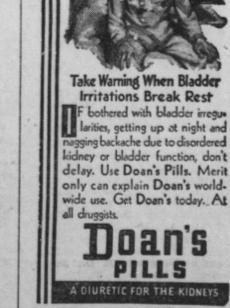
It can already be foreseen that broadcloth will be prominent next winter, especially for afternoon coats over crepe or satin dresses. Spongy, sometimes very slightly boucle materials and loose woven etamines will dispute the supremacy of the morning mode with hairy angora wools, djarred kashemere and rabbit-hair fabrics.

Stiff shiny satin, the kind they make slippers of, is being used for the newest and smartest evening wraps for CORD AND TASSEL By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Ever so many unique things are being done in the way of trimming this season. One is the use of ornamental cord and tassel novelties. An Araby red Jersey frock as pictured has heavy red silk cord and tassels at belt and neck. A red and beige check coat complements this frock. The red felt hat has a perky feather which poses erect at the back.

Wool Makes Appeal Lots of women who have steered clear of wool dresses because of a delicate skin which cannot stand the slightest scratchiness had better look twice before they veto them this year. Never have wool materials been so soft and silky.



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